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# Dangerous Memories, Dangerous Words



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## Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

The reason that the Capital is such a unified and strong government is because there is no opposition.

There is no opposition because two years ago there was a voluntary memory wipe that took all memories of better, different forms of government. There is no opposition because without the Capital, citizens like me wouldn't know what to do.

But I remember. Just a little, but I remember. And more of my memories come back every day.

My name is Jade Evene, and I am going to bring down the Capital.

## Chapter 2 by N8



I sat up from my bed, and breathed in.

My alarm clock read 6:23, meaning I had to get ready soon.

My eyes began to shut, because, I mean, I still have around seven minutes to sleep.

The school day went by fast, and was as monotonous as usual. I learned the same boring thing

from the day before, taught by the same boring teacher, and took the same boring test with the same boring people. My life was

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The only things that brought me peace were my thoughts of my father and my best friend Clara Hannesson.

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I had never told Clara about the memories I had, despite her being my best friend. The memories. The very little bit of memories from before the "Mind Sweep". I knew that the idea of a better society was dangerous to have, and I knew that I couldn't tell anyone, but I knew this society, the Capital, needed to fall.

### Chapter 3 by Aurthus110



The clink of utensils and plates rung like little bells throughout our small dining room. We were forced to live in small uniform housing with our families. I looked to my right at my dad, he looked back at me and smiled between bites of food. I stared at him, probably awkwardly, but I didn't care. I turned to my younger sister across the table, then to my mom, on my left. For some reason Something didn't feel right.

I slowly munched on the tasteless food. I remembered having much better food, but I couldn't remember what it tasted like. I thought of the other families, they all had four members: father, mother, oldest son, youngest sister. That seemed odd to me, but apparently not to anyone else. Something was wrong, terribly wrong, yet I couldn't put my finger on what it was. If I could just remember.

After dinner, it was my night to wash the dishes. It was 3rd day... no, that isn't right, it wasn't always called 3rd day. We used to have a name for it. I shook my head and scrubbed the dishes. I put them in the barren shelves. The uniformity of the house suddenly hit me like a train. Where was the individuality. We used to be different, unique, now we are all the same. What is wrong with our world. Did the government do this?

I walked to sleeping quarters 2 which is where I slept. That doesn't seem right but I can't decide on what it should be called. I shrugged and opened the cabinet. I took out my daily dose of medicine. As I popped it in my mouth something occurred to me, why do we take medicine everyday? I am not sick? Or am I? Could these memories, be a symptom of a sickness? What if the world is sick and this is how we cope? How could uniformity and submission be a cure?

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My eyes grew heavy and my vision blurred. In the few moments before sleep took over I saw the face of Clara. I blushed, my eyelids immediately flew open. Why did I blush? I couldn't understand the feelings that were waging through my head. For several long moments I sat in bed her face not fading. I couldn't stop smiling. This is impossible I thought, we are just friends, I thought, but I knew better. I can't tell her though, it will ruin the relationship. She is my friend and it'll stay that way. Realization took hold, I have had these feelings for a long while. I grinned guiltily as I began to embrace sleep. My last thought was of the time I read on my clock: 1:43am.....

## Chapter 4 by Aurthus110



I open my eyes slowly. They disobey me. I urge my eyes to open, they do not wish to comply. I catch a glimpse of my clock: 7:43. I jump up, my adrenaline pumping energy into my veins. I throw the sheets back and rush out of sleeping quarters 2.... Something still seems wrong with that name. I run into the kitchen. I grab my morning rations and scarf down the tasteless goop. I run through the housing unit back to sleeping quarters 2. I strip out of my sleeping wear and quickly thrown on my school uniform. I brush my teeth briefly and grab my school provisions and race out the door.

I run through the monotonous streets, the houses blurring together in uniformity. It is a wonder we can find our way through the city with no distinguishing marks. I race up the school yard and barge through the front doors. I run through the identical hallways to my classroom. I pause at the door looking through the view port. The other boys and girls look the same to me. I walk in quietly, trying to continue unnoticed by the teacher. I slide into desk 13 and set my provisions down. I get weary glances from my classmates as they scribble notes in their journals. Luckily the teacher didn't say anything, all I received was an odd glance from her.

As the class went on, the algebra she wrote on the board became more and more complex. However the numbers and variables combined in ways I had never realized before. I was making connections I had never made before. The algebra was interesting! I was enthralled by how it was working. I turned to the girl next to me. I saw a faint hue of color in her hair. I looked

to the boy on my right, his hair was grey and featureless at first, but as I looked closely his hair became a bronze color, his face I

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The day progressed quickly, the world was becoming colorful with beautiful hues, tints and shades of all different colors of the spectrum. After school I spent half

an hour staring at a lily in the school yard. I was enthralled, bewildered, entranced and awestruck. I walked through town on my way home, the houses were identical but the grass, the bushes, the sky, the sun, they were all so beautiful. I noticed the insects flying around the blossoms.

I catch a glimpse of Clara. Her copper hair flows down her back like waves of molten bronze. It glints beautifully like a faceted gem. Her face and features appear more vivid than the rest of what I have seen. I marvel in her beauty. I realize my mouth is hanging open catching flies and I quickly snatch it close and walk with increased speed. I hurry home eager to put away my school provisions and go explore the city.

I walk into my room, yes that's it, bedroom.... I set my backpack down and sit on my bed. I look over at my cabinet and my brow knots. I get up and pace over to the cabinet smoothly. My morning pills were laying where I had left them last night, I had forgot to take my medicine. Or is it really medicine?

## Chapter 5 by Miranda Hatch



Every day at exactly 6 o'clock we would have a town meeting. It usually consisted of what to do and what not to do. The mayor would talk about how much he loved the capital and that it was the only reason that we have survived throughout the years.

This angered me deeper than anything has ever angered me before. I wanted to walk away, go smash something, yell out liar, but there were guards surrounding us.

Every once in awhile during our town meetings it would be a different meeting, a much darker meeting. The drummers would walk through the crowded beating their drums loud and slowly. They would line up in front of the stage. They would beat the drums louder and faster and then, silence. No one dare moved for they didn't want to make a sound and join what was to happen right before our eyes.

The mayor walked out with two guards trailing behind him holding a boy between them. He must have been 16, my age.

"This man was found guilty by the capital. He believes there is a better world out there, one better than the capital."

Silence.

The mayor continued talk  
WORLD!"

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THE CAPITALS

The guards cheered in agreement. The drummers banged on their drums, but us people, we didn't make a sound.

"Therefor this man has to face his punishment. Death, by hanging."

Everyone was frozen with terror. The drummers once again beat their drums loudly but slowly as a big cloth was ripped from its foreign object that hid underneath.

It was a big block with stairs going up the side that lead to the top. On top was a rope and a lever attached to the floor from up there.

The guards took the boy and pushed him up the stairs until they were at the top.

The boy was expressionless. There was not one tear in his eyes as they put the thick rope around his neck.

The boy stared at me, and i stared back. His hazel eyes looked as if they told me never to give up, one day the capital will fall and i could be apart of that victory."

"Let this be a lesson to you all. The capital is your oxygen, without it you WILL die. Talking against it... well, you will have the same fate as this young man."

"WE ARE THE RESISTANCE! WE STAND TALL WE STAND STRONG! THE CAPITAL WILL FALL"

And with those words the boy shouted, they pulled the lever and we watched him hang there. Dead.

## Chapter 6 by Issa alSaleh



I felt the urge to vomit at the sight, but I kept my face impassive, soothing my stomach by directing my focus anywhere but the eerily hanging boy.

The way he shouted that last warning had filled me with an unfamiliar emotion. A word that I had not used in a long, long time suddenly came to me, bringing with it the trace of older, happier memories. Determination. I had to find out who this "resistance" was. I would fight to avenge this boy, to continue his dream.

Later that day, as I sat in my room doing homework, it occurred to me. From what I remembered, "Jade" was a distinctly feminine name. And yet I was a boy...odd. I searched the darkest recesses of my mind for a sliver, a piece of my former identity, but found nothing. How

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Excited, I tried to remember as much as possible about him. He was a character in Greek mythology, he was very strong, there was a cartoon movie about him.

A had a brief vision of watching the Hercules movie with my family.

They weren't the family I had now.

When I tried to focus on their faces, the vision slipped away.

My family wasn't even my family.

This thought winded me, but it also made me more determined to find the resistance. But how could I possibly find it? Looking something like that on the web would probably get me killed.

After a couple minutes of brainstorming, I decided to simply go on my daily life, but keep an eye out for signs of resistance. Maybe if you look for the resistance, it becomes more clear.

## Chapter 8 by Vanilla



This was the day I was waiting for. In the middle of dull uniformity, I could see the people who could see me. And we could notice the colors.

Two of them were from my class. I'd never noticed. Now, as I began to watch them, I could the expressions no one else had. Happiness on a good test. Fidgeting in a boring period. Something no one else did.

I knew they were like me. They would walk alone, slower than the others. As if something was on their mind. One day, I gathered up my courage, and approached them.

"Hi. I'm Jade. I was thinking if we could walk together."

He smiled. "Of course. I'm Bryan"

"Thanks."

"Well, isn't Jade a feminine name? No offence."

That's how we became friends.

We became best friends. I learnt he was like me, and had discovered the effects of the unnecessary meds we had. We were the only ones. Then he told me about the resistance. I was revealed to the large world. It was such an atmosphere. It triggered my memories. They began to flash.

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Were we healing?

I learnt of their plan. Since the execution, they had decided to work discreetly. They wanted a larger number of people on their side. Which would be the entire population of the capital. That we could do.

I started by stealing medicines from my family members. They were disturbed at first, but I knew that they would recover.

I started talking in class. I knew the punishments, and they were mild. People would laugh at my jokes. The teacher would frown.

The world was more beautiful. Until I got arrested.

We changed them too. Cried, wailed, stole their medicines. A policeman who was already a part of the resistance bailed us out.

Slowly, the world was coming to life.

This was the capital's fall.

Bryan was folding his fingers, "You know, if you don't like your name, you should change it." Hmm. I'd never thought of that. I strained my memory again, but there was nothing. Maybe some losses are just natural.

"What do you suggest?"

"I dunno. You look like a kind of, Zeke? Zach?"

I grinned. "Then Zach it is."

the end

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